THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MIRROR.

"UTILE DULCI."

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TALES, ROMANCES, &c.

NED OF THE FELL;

OR,

THE PRIDE OF RIBBLESDALE,

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

(Continued from our last.)

Meanwhile the unconscious subject of this long confabulation had been taking a delightful walk in company with Mary Gosford, through the villages of Mereley Magna and Parva, to the foot of the stupendous Pendle, and much conversation had passed between them, which, if not exactly on the subject of love, was pretty nearly akin to it; for, as each succeeding interview made the young couple more pleased with each other, it is but natural to conclude that the thoughts of both would make good approaches to that interesting topic. But let their thoughts be what they would, De Roos and Mary returned to the Dule upo' Dun arm in arm, which, in my opinion, was a sign that matters were in a pretty fair train, and that an explicit declaration from our young hero would not be taken much amiss by the lovely daughter of Nicholas Gosford.

On approaching the hostelry, our landlord addressed De Roos, telling him that his portmanteau had arrived, and that he wished to speak with him for a minute or two in private. On hearing these words Mary relinquished the arm of her companion, and, like a discreet maiden, retired into the house, leaving De Roos and her father together.—On this, Nicholas took the silver cross from his pocket and delivered it to our hero, saying, at the same time, "Here, noble Sir, is your crucifix, and I wish you would tell me where a fellow to it might be bought, for its virtues are great and manifold; believe me, I would freely give twenty marks for such another."

"What art thou driving at, landlord?" replied De Roos; "upon my faith I don't understand thee."

"No!" answered Gosford, "that seems strange to me; I think I spoke plainly enough; but it seems that this cross hath been able to make certain 'clerks of St. Nicholas' civil and obliging men; for Numps tells me that he met with two or three rogues belonging to Ned of the Fell, who knew thy horse, and would have robbed, and perhaps murdered the poor lad, an' he had not exhibited thy crucifix, which worked a sudden miracle, and turned them into the most obliging rogues imaginable. Now, Sir Guest, I am a plain-spoken, well-meaning man, although a publican and a sinner; and, for thy own sake, I ask how those men chanced to know the silver cross so well? That they also are acquainted with thee is most certain, and 'birds of a feather,'—the proverb is somewhat musty, but it suits my present purpose. Mind me, I don't say that *thou art* the freebooter Ned of the Fell, but I strongly suspect thee to be such; and if my suspicions be correct, I would have thee to take good care of thyself, for if the magistrates of these parts knew that thou wert here, they would show but little mercy; therefore, for God's sake, shift thy quarters as soon as thou canst. I much admire thy company; I look upon thee as a liberal gentleman, generous even to a fault; and I would rather lose all I possess in the world, than suffer any evil to betide thee whilst thou art a guest of mine." Here he ceased.

"Landlord," replied De Roos, laughing, "make thyself perfectly easy; there is nothing to fear on my account; but I was a stupid ass not to recollect that my poor steed, old Caspar, would be as well known as the crucifix; had Numps ridden any other horse, the rogues would not have troubled him with a single question relative to me; but as the thing has so happened, it only forces me to tell thee a long story two or three days sooner than I meant to do, for it was my intention shortly to make thee acquainted with my real name and history: so come into the house, old man; let us have thy private room for awhile; bring in a bottle or two of thy best Canary, and whilst we enjoy ourselves over them, I will relate some matters respecting myself which will perhaps both surprise and gratify thee."

Agreeably to this request they retired into Gosford's little private parlour, and the wine having been duly brought, our hero began his relation in the following manner:—

"Thou hast, doubtless, my good landlord, heard tell of Lambert Simnel, who, assisted by the Duchess of Burgundy's General, Martin Swartz, raised an insurrection against the late King, and was defeated near Ulverstone, upon that common which is at this time called Swartz Moor?"

"Have I ever heard tell of Lambert Simnel? Body o' me! Sir, I have but too much reason to remember him. My poor father was one of those Englishmen whom affection for the House of York induced to take part with the impostor; he was severely wounded during the engagement, whilst endeavouring to save the life of his commander, who, overpowered by numbers, would have been left dead on the field, had not my father suddenly and providentially rescued him at the expense of his own blood."

"Thou art, then," said De Roos, "the son of the valiant soldier, John o' Gosford, who on that disastrous day preserved the life of Sir Oswald de Mowbray, the Lord of Lune vale. Beshrew me! but 'tis passing strange that thy name rushed not to my remembrance before now."

"That I am the son of John o' Gosford is true enough, Sir Guest; at least my mother always told my father so, and I never knew that he had any reason to doubt her word: but who, young gentleman, art thou, that thus bringest the olden time to recollection?"

"Nicholas," answered De Roos, "there is a heavy debt of gratitude due from Sir Oswald de Mowbray to thy valiant father, which will, I trust, shortly be repaid to thee by his son, for in me thou beholdest Edward de Mowbray, the son of Sir Oswald, and the last descendant of our ancient but unfortunate family."—"Is it possible!" cried Nicholas, hastily interrupting our hero, and in the joy of the moment throwing his arms around and embracing him; "do I indeed behold the son of my father's noble friend, a remnant of the old De Mowbray line? this is, indeed, an unexpected happiness; never did I think that these old eyes would be again blessed with the sight of a De Mowbray: but tell me, noble youth, from whence springest thou, what are thy present prospects, and how becamest thou acquainted with the freebooter, Ned of the Fell? Speak quickly, for I am all impatience to have these mysteries made known to me?"

"First inform me, my good old man," replied our hero, "how it chances that I meet thee employed in this humble occupation, for I have been told that thy father was a man possessed of good property, a wealthy freeholder; resolve me this question and I will then satisfactorily answer all thine inquiries."

"It is true," returned Nicholas, "my father was a substantial landowner, but the storm that desolated the fortunes of the great De Mowbray spread also its blasting influence over those of his humble companion in arms, and Gosford Grange, the patrimony of my ancestors for time beyond recollection, was, in consequence of my father's rebellion, forfeited to the King, and, had not powerful intercession been made for him, the unfortunate man would have paid for his folly on the scaffold; but, having obtained a pardon, he, together with my elder brother, who had been brought up to no profession but that of arms, retired into foreign parts, and, as I have been informed, were both killed whilst in the service of the republic of Venice: as for me, being a younger son, a weakly boy, and not fit for any laborious occupation, my father thought proper to apprentice me to a tailor; and I was married, and doing well in business, when the unlooked-for misfortunes of my family preyed upon my mind, drove me to drink, and, consequently, to ruin: however, a remarkable, or, as I may say, a providential circumstance, of which thou, Sir Edward, hast already heard, worked an entire reformation, and I am now, by the blessing of God, although only the keeper of a village hostelry, possessed of some little property, respected by my neighbours, and blessed, as thou knowest, with a good old dame and two fine children, who are the delight and comfort of my old age."

"I am most happy to hear this declaration," said De Roos, (for so, notwithstanding the title given to him by Nicholas Gosford, we must continue to designate our hero.) "I am most happy to hear this declaration, and with thy good leave will drink the health of one of thy children in a bumper; here's to the fair Mary, and when she marries, may she obtain a husband worthy of her."

"I thank thee heartily, Sir Edward," said Gosford; "she is a very good girl, and well deserving of every happiness that this world can yield her. But I wait with anxiety for the continuation of thy story."

"After the defeat of Simnel," resumed our hero, "and the total ruin of his prospects, a large reward was offered for the apprehension of my father, who, flying the country, was consequently declared a traitor and an outlaw, and all his property was confiscated to the use of the King, who, as thou well knowest, gave the landed estates to one of his favourites, Sir Herbert Morecliffe, a man already possessed of great property in Chipping and Ribchester, and in his hands the estates of Lune Vale remain to this day. My father, eluding pursuit, fled into Germany, and offered his services to the Emperor, who was then at war with Turkey: in the imperial army he rose to the rank of captain, and in process of time married a young lady of great beauty and ancient family, but possessed of little or no fortune. I was the only fruit of this union. About five years since, my brave father expired on the field of battle, gloriously fighting against the inveterate enemies of Christianity, and at that time holding the rank of major in the imperial army. The pay of a major in the German service, you may well believe, is not such as to enable him to keep his family respectably, and to make provision for a future day; my father, therefore, had little besides his sword and good name to leave me, who, at the time of his death, had attained to the rank of lieutenant in the imperial infantry. But on the death of my honoured parent, a longing desire to visit the land of my ancestors came over me, and I communicated my intention to my mother, who remonstrated with me upon what she was pleased to term my folly, but without success, for my inclinations were fixed upon England, and England alone. I told her that I felt as though destiny compelled me to seek the pleasant valleys of my forefathers. 'I want,' I said, 'nothing from you, my dear mother; the little property left by my father will, at least, support you in comfort until you hear from, or see me again: with the help of this good sword I feel confident that I shall carve out a fortune for myself in that country to which I have so long been an unwilling stranger.' My plans, however, were of such a nature that I could not with propriety disclose them to my mother; one or two soldiers, hardy veterans of the Swartz Moor fight, who had followed the fortunes of my father, were my only confidants, and indeed with them originated the scheme that had for some time occupied my mind. I sold my commission in the imperial service, and with the proceeds equipped myself and companions for our long journey. I took an affectionate leave of my poor mother, and at last safely landed on the shores of England. We quickly bent our steps towards the north, and in the course of a day or two the heir of De Mowbray trod the winding vales and heath-clad hills, that were by right his own, a stranger and a vagabond. My old comrades dispersed themselves amongst the tenantry, and quickly made known the arrival of one whom all considered as being the rightful owner of the estate, and great were the secret rejoicings that took place amongst them in consequence of this unexpected intelligence, for the iron hand of tyranny had laid heavy blows upon the unhappy cultivators of the soil, and they bitterly lamented the change, and continually regretted the mild sway of their ancient masters. There was, however, no remedy; the monarch had willed it, and the people were obliged to submit.—Our plan of operations, having been organized beforehand, was quickly put into execution. We convened a meeting of the younger part of the tenantry, and there one of my veterans, in glowing and energetic language, painted the misery and wretchedness which had spread over the De Mowbray property since it had fallen into the hands of strangers. 'Is there one,' he asked, 'amongst ye who hath not to complain of unredressed injuries, and is there one who would not avenge himself could he do it with impunity? Have ye not been robbed repeatedly of the produce of your hard-earned labour by the minions of Sir Herbert Morecliffe? And cannot some of ye complain of still greater injuries, of the forcible violation of your wives, and sisters, and daughters, by these remorseless, these cold-hearted ruffians? But the hour of revenge has arrived; here stands your rightful master, the heir of the lamented Sir Oswald de Mowbray: he is willing to lead you to vengeance upon your oppressors; say, then, are ye willing to follow him?'—'*Let him lead on and we will follow,*' was the unanimous cry. At this meeting I selected about twenty stout fellows, and we determined to enter upon a vigorous war against Sir Herbert Morecliffe and his immediate dependants. Murder came not within our views, but in one or two instances it could not be avoided, for when the brutal despoiler of female chastity fell into the hands of an enraged husband or brother, I could not prevent summary justice from being inflicted. Murder, as I said, formed no part of our plan, but to steal from him who held the inheritance of the orphan was, in our thoughts, a rightful act, and often, ere Sir Herbert's steward could carry home the rents he had been collecting, have we eased him of his burden, and several times have had the pleasure of relieving the old Knight himself from the weight of his money and jewels. As to his cattle, they were as much ours as his: we drove off his fat beeves wherever we could find them; we mounted his best horses, and the landlord of the Bull, at Preston, (which was one of our principal stations,) had the entire disposal and management of the stolen property. We did not reserve ourselves to the Mowbray lands only; we considered that immense sums had been received for rent whilst those estates had been possessed by Morecliffe, and we determined that his manors of Chipping and Ribchester should refund a portion, and they therefore were frequently ravaged by us. But as soon as my men began to taste the sweets of plunder, not to Sir Herbert Morecliffe did they confine themselves; the whole country was laid under contribution. In vain did I tell them that Sir Herbert alone was our enemy; that on him only we ought to avenge ourselves. I had raised a power which I could not control, and was but too often obliged to wink at, or to join in, their depredations. In one instance, however, they fully obeyed my commands, and that was, never to wring from the hard hands of peasants their vile trash: the poor man ever went unmolested by us, and the spoils of the rich have often been employed to better the condition of want and misery. Longridge Fell was frequently the scene of our exploits, and from the supposition that we had upon it a secret habitation, we became famous, or rather infamous, in this portion of the country, under the title of 'Ned of the Fell's men.' This name originated in a joke of one of my rogues: the fellow had robbed a Westmoreland grazier of a large sum of money near the town of Blackburn; and on the grazier remonstrating with him upon the cruelty of the act, and begging he would return him a small part, the freebooter replied he could not do it, for his master wanted the whole sum. 'And who is thy master?' said the countryman. 'Why, Ned of the Fell, to be sure,' replied the robber. The grazier mentioned the circumstance; the name spread abroad, and we were ever afterwards denominated Ned of the Fell and his troop, by all who had occasion to speak of us. In the vale of Lune we obtained another appellation, being there known and dreaded as the 'Mowbray Rangers;' but it was by the rich alone, for the poor ever hailed us as friends and benefactors.—In vain did Sir Herbert Morecliffe endeavour to discover our secret retreats; the soldiery were on divers occasions employed in pursuit of us; but all was useless: we well knew every secluded haunt or mountain fastness, and laughed, in our impregnable stations, at the unavailing efforts of our enemy. Besides, the tenantry were our friends, and not only gave us timely information when danger was to be feared, but also when booty might be safely obtained; so great, so inveterate was the hatred they bore to that lord whom the King had thought proper to place over them."

"Pardon me for the interruption," said Nicholas Gosford, "but I cannot avoid inquiring whether you never felt any qualms of conscience at the commission of what I can only call these barefaced robberies?"

"Not the least, my good host, not the least," answered De Roos; "I had been despoiled of a fair inheritance through no fault of mine: if the father had erred, and deserved punishment, the son, at least, was innocent; and notwithstanding it may be a law of the Almighty to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, it is an example that erring man hath no right to follow. Sir Herbert Morecliffe, in addition to the large property already possessed by him, had begged the broad lands of my father from an enraged monarch, little heeding the misery to which an ancient and noble family would consequently be reduced; I therefore could only look upon him as a wholesale robber; and to despoil the spoiler was, in my opinion, a goodly act. That we but too often plundered others who were not connected with Sir Herbert I am willing to allow; but even in this case they were persons of substance who suffered; and I can safely assert that no portion of their spoils ever remained in my possession: my share was invariably disposed of amongst necessitous objects; the widow, the orphan, the aged and infirm participated in my bounty; and wert thou to visit any of the ravaged districts, and enter the cots of the peasantry, instead of curses loud and deep being heaped upon my head, thou wouldst only hear prayers and blessings breathed for Ned of the Fell, the dire enemy of injustice and oppression, but the firm friend and benefactor of the poor and miserable. For nearly five years have I and my brave comrades been the scourge and terror of a great part of Lan-

cashire and Yorkshire, during which time I have, from the spoils of the oppressor of De Mowbray, realized a fortune that would, in my own country, have enabled me to lead the life of an independent gentleman: but this is not my object; the green valleys, the brown hills, and the winding streams of my ancestors are most dear to me; and if I am not greatly deceived, a time will shortly arrive when they shall once more acknowledge the sway of a De Mowbray."

"Amen, and God send it so," said Nicholas; "I drink Sir Edward to the speedy restoration of the estates, and may they for ages continue in the possession of the old De Mowbray family."

"I pledge thee, my good fellow," said De Roos, "with all my heart; and I promise, whenever that day does arrive, that it shall be a happy one for thee and thy old dame; but call me no more Sir Edward, the title is not yet mine: let me for the present be only known as William De Roos, a gentleman of small fortune, who hath engrafted himself upon thy establishment through a desire of becoming acquainted with this romantic country.—But I must go on with my story, which is now drawing fast towards its conclusion."

(To be continued.)

THE TRAVELLER.

EXCURSION IN COLOMBIA.

(Continued from page 24.)

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Our Indian guide had been a soldier, and served under several of the patriotic chiefs in various parts of the country during the war of independence in Colombia. That eventful period affords many interesting and tragical anecdotes, reflecting both honour and discredit on the patriotic leaders. As to the latter, however, it must be (and indeed it has already been by all parties) allowed that they were driven to commit some, apparently harsh, acts by the extreme cruelty of their ancient oppressors, and now their most bitter enemies.

General Arismendi (who is comparatively little known in England) is well known in Colombia to be an excellent soldier—a severe disciplinarian—a good stratagemarian (if you will allow me to coin a word)—and most rigidly punctual in having the orders he gives to his inferiors duly executed. To all this is joined the most fervent love of his country, and (if we except the Liberator himself) more pure patriotic feelings than any of the other generals of that period. While our Indian served under him, Arismendi twice saved the little island of Margarita, which may not inaptly be called the Key to Venezuela. At one time a considerable body of Spanish troops (I believe under Morillo) effected a landing on the island, while Arismendi had but a handful of undisciplined recruits, and scarcely a barrel of powder. Not able to cope with the enemy by force, he had recourse to stratagem, and effected his purpose in the following manner:—He ordered all the empty casks, hogsheads, barrels, &c. which could be collected on the side of the island on which he then was, to be conveyed during night to the top of the neighbouring hill; these he had filled with stones, and ranged as a breastwork, behind which were entrenched the old men, women, and children. On the following morning the General, and the few men he had, were seen at the base of this hill. The Spanish General determined to attack, and forthwith marched on; the patriot and his little band meanwhile ascending to gain the summit of the hill. In this they were successful; and while the Spaniards were in turn endeavouring to dislodge them, down came barrel after barrel, and cask after cask, among the ranks of the astonished enemy. Panic-struck at such a reception, great confusion was now observable—a retreat was sounded—and (the wily patriotic general husbanding well his powder until this critical moment) the success was followed up. The enemy retreated and embarked so hurriedly, that no inconsiderable spoil was left behind to reward the brave patriots for their spirited and gallant conduct.

The same General was at one time shut up in Barcelona, and closely besieged by the royalists. The patriots suffered many privations, and their provisions being nearly exhausted, they came to the resolution of endeavouring secretly to convey their women out. In the General's order no distinction was made; even his own wife, although then far advanced in pregnancy, was not excluded. During night the attempt was made, and unfortunately the General's lady was, among others, made prisoner. Thus a great prize was made—and a threat was given, and actually carried into execution, that if the town was not surrendered at a certain hour on the morrow, the General's lady would be exposed on the batteries. This, however, did not deter Arismendi from carrying on his operations. He knew well the cruelty of the enemy opposed to him, and the acts of which he could be guilty; yet he did not look upon the *threat* in any other light than *as a threat*, and never dreamt that the Spaniard was capable of putting a woman (and that woman pregnant) in such imminent peril of her life. It was, however, done, and Arismendi never again beheld his wife. She escaped for the present the deadly instruments of war, to linger out her days in a prison in Madrid, where she soon after died. It was soon after this cruel occurrence that some acts of wanton cruelty began to develop themselves in the General's character. One may serve as an instance:—He received orders to put his *Spanish* prisoners to death (it was during the "guerra de muerto" or war of death;) the number he then had was but eleven; they were taken to the market-place, and ordered to kneel and prepare for death. At this moment a person was observed somewhat in advance of the crowd assembled to witness the tragedy. The General beckoned him to come to him—the man obeyed, and was thus addressed,—"Friend, do you see those eleven persons kneeling there? they are good men, and are going to be rewarded; go, kneel along with them: you know there were twelve apostles, and I want a twelfth—go, then, and may God have mercy on you!" Expostulation was in vain and unheeded; the man was dragged to the fatal spot, and a few minutes sent him to sleep with his fathers. Such are a few traits of the character of the man who is now "Gefe de la Alta Policia," or Chief of Police of Venezuela. If you think they will amuse your readers, they are at your service. Yours, &c.

July 17, 1830. Q. B. S. M.

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[*From the Liverpool Courier.*]

	Barometer at Noon.	Extreme during Night.		Thermometer 8 Morning.		Extreme Heat during Day.		State of Wind at Noon.	Remarks at Noon.
July									
28	30 27	61	0	72	0	82	0	N.E.	Fair.
29	30 13	61	0	68	0	81	0	E.	Fair.
30	29 74	63	0	68	0	80	0	W.	Fair.
31	29 84	59	0	64	0	75	0	N.W.	Fair.
Aug.									
1	29 64	55	0	63	0	69	0	S.	Rain.
2	29 57	56	0	64	0	67	0	W.	Fair.
3	29 72	57	0	62	0	68	0	W.	Fair.

30th,—Severe thunder-storm; commenced at 3, p.m. and continued till 6, p.m. without intermission.
1st,—Eight, a.m. heavy rain.

REMARKS FOR JULY.

Monthly mean of atmospherical pressure, 29:73; mean temperature,—extreme during night, 55.29; eight, a.m. 61:28; noon 66:11; extreme during day, 68:01; general mean, 62:32; maximum of temperature, (28th,) 82,—1829, 78; minimum of ditto, (9th,) 49,—1829, 52; prevailing winds, westerly.

Summary of the month.—7 days rain, 18 fair, 1 showery, 3 stormy, 2 cloudy.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

DEAR TEA.—EAST INDIA MONOPOLY.

It will be remembered that, some time ago, Ministers, at the request of the East India Company, directed samples of the tea sold in the European and American markets, with the prices annexed, to be sent over to this country by the Consuls established at the different places, for the purpose of comparison with the teas sold by the East India Company; the object being to show that the latter body sold a much better article, and that, consequently, the outcry against their extortionate prices was, in a great degree, unfounded. In this object the Company have lamentably failed, as will be seen from the following table, which, with the concluding statements, we copy from the *Spectator*.

TABLE,

Showing the Cost per lb. of Samples of Tea received by the Commissioners for the Affairs of India from his Majesty's Consuls abroad, and the Value affixed to the respective Samples by the London Tea Brokers.

Description of Tea.	Whence Imported.	Number of Samples.	Cost Price abroad. s.	d.	Value affixed by London Brokers. s.	d.
Bohea	Rotterdam	27	0	9½	1	5½
,,	,,	28	0	11½	1	5
Congou	Hamburgh	3	1	0½	2	1½
,,	,,	4	1	4½	2	6
Campoi	,,	5	1	0½	2	1
,,	,,	6	1	3½	2	0½
Souchong	,,	8	1	0	2	0½
,,	,,	9	1	8	2	3
,,	New York	85	2	7½	2	2
,,	,,	86	2	0½	2	0
,,	,,	87	1	2½	1	10
,,	Boston	93	2	1½	3	4
,,	,,	94	0	11½	2	0½
Pekoe	Hamburgh	10	3	0½	3	10
,,	,,	11	4	7½	4	0
,,	,,	12	5	11½	5	6
Hyson Skin	,,	13	0	7½	2	1
,,	,,	14	0	11½	2	2½
,,	,,	15	1	3½	2	3
,,	New York	83	1	7½	2	8
,,	,,	84	1	0½	2	1
,,	Boston	95	1	1½	2	3
,,	,,	96	0	10½	2	2
Twankay	Hamburgh	16	0	10½	2	4
,,	,,	17	1	3½	2	11
,,	,,	18	1	4½	2	9
,,	Boston	92	0	11½	2	2
,,	,,	98	1	2½	2	2
Hyson	Hamburgh	21	2	3½	3	10
,,	,,	22	2	7½	4	6
,,	,,	23	3	1	5	0
,,	New York	78	2	11½	4	4
,,	,,	79	2	3½	3	9
,,	,,	80	2	0½	3	7
,,	Boston	99	2	4½	3	8
,,	,,	100	2	0½	3	9
,,	,,	101	1	8½	3	8
,,	,,	102	1	11½	3	9
,,	,,	103	2	1½	3	9
Gunpowder	Hamburgh	25	3	3	5	3
,,	,,	26	3	8½	5	8
,,	New York	90	3	4½	5	2
,,	,,	91	2	9	5	0

Average price of all kinds:

Foreign.	Home.	Difference.
1 7¼	2 8¾	1 1½

General total:

Tea Imported.	Excess of Price.
30,138,217lbs.	£1,656,726 11 1

Thus, it appears, for every pound of tea that Englishmen buy of the Company, they pay thirteen-pence half-penny, or seventy per cent. more than they would do were they allowed to trade to China in the same way as every body else is. And be it recollected, for every penny paid to the Company, another penny is paid in the shape of Government taxes; so that, in reality, the sixteen hundred and fifty thousand pounds paid to the Company costs the tea-drinkers of England three millions three hundred thousand pounds a-year!

POETRY.

THE PAST

The dear loved past, the dear loved past,
What boots the past to me?
Time, time is onward hurrying fast
To meet eternity!
And life with all its hopes and fears,
Its transient smiles, and lasting tears,
Will soon have sped away!

The dear loved past; it was too bright,
Too bright for this dull earth;
A moment lent its heavenly light
To gild the vale of death,
Then quick withdrawn; to win above
The frail, fond hearts' too clinging love,
And fix its hopes on high!

The dear loved past!—it was a dream,
A dream of purest joy;
And memory, like the moon's pale beam
That cheers a wintry sky,
Pours her mild glories heavenly fair,
To bless the scenes of days that were;
The dear, the worshipped past!

The dear loved past, the dear loved past,
It shows a blighted thing:
A wreck on oceans' billows cast;—
A dove with broken wing:—
An Eden that through blinding tears
Distant, and indistinct appears,
Yet, ah, an Eden still!

Thou dear loved past, thou dear loved past,
Ah! drag no more to earth!—
The shadows on the mountains cast,
The shadows deep of death,
Are warning me far hence to flee,
And one fond farewell given to thee,
My spirit shall have rest!

Liverpool. G.

Although we look upon the following piece as a very indifferent specimen of Mr. Hood's peculiar style, we insert it at the desire of a correspondent. It is too far-fetched; nor do we much fancy the metre.—*Edit. Kal.*

ODE TO ST. SWITHIN.

BY THOS. HOOD, ESQ.

The dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
On ev'ry window-frame hang beaded damps,
Like rows of small illuminating lamps,
To celebrate the jubilee of show'rs;
A constant sprinkle patters from all leaves,
The very Dryads are not dry, but soppers,
And from the houses' eaves
Tumble eaves-droppers.

The hundred clerks that live along the street,
Bondsmen to mercantile and city schemers,
With squashing, sloshing, and galloshing feet,
Go paddling, paddling, through the wet, like steamers,
Each hurrying to earn the daily stipend—
Umbrellas pass of every shade of green,
And now and then a crimson one is seen,
Like an umbrella *ripen'd*.

Over the way a waggon
Stands with six smoking horses, shrinking, blinking,
While in the George and Dragon
The man is keeping himself dry—and drinking!
The butcher's boy skulks underneath his tray,
Hats shine—shoes don't—and down droop collars,
And one blue parasol cries all the way
To school, in company with four small scholars!

Unhappy is the man to-day who rides,
Making his journey sloppier, and not shorter;
Ay, there they go, a dozen of outsides,
Performing on "a stage with real water!"
A dripping pauper crawls along the way,
The only real willing out-of-doorer,
And says, or seems to say,
"Well, I am poor enough—but here's a *pourer!*"

The scene in water colours thus I paint,
Is your own festival you sloppy saint!
Father of all the family of rainers!
Saint of the soakers!
Making all people croakers,
Like frogs in swampy marshes and complainers!
And why you mizzle forty days together,
Giving the earth your water-soup to sup,
I marvel—Why such wet, mysterious weather?
I wish you'd *clear it up!*

Why cast such cruel dampers
On pretty pic nics, and against all wishes,
Set the cold ducks a-swimming in the hampers,
And volunteer, unask'd, to wash the dishes?
Why drive the nymphs from the selected spot,
To cling, like lady-birds, around a tree—
Why spoil a gipsy party at their tea,
By throwing your cold water upon hot?

Cannot a rural maiden, or a man,
Seek Hornsey wood by invitation, sipping
Their green with Pan,
But souse you come, and show their Pan all dripping!
Why upon snow-white table-cloths and sheets,
That do not wait, or want a second washing,
Comes quashing?
Why task yourself to lay the dust in streets?
As if there were no water-cart contractors,
No pot-boys spilling beer, no shop-boys ruddy,
Spooning out puddles muddy,
Milkmaids, and other slopping benefactors!

A king you are, raining in your own right,
Yet oh! how little flattered by report!
Even by those that seek the court,
Pelted with every term of spleen and spite,
Folks rail and swear at you in every place;
They say you are a creature of no bowel;
They say you're always washing nature's face,
And that you then supply her
With nothing drier
Than some old wringing clout by way of towel!
The whole town wants you duck'd, just as you duck it;
They wish you on your own mud porridge supper'd;
They hope that you may kick your own big bucket,
Or in your water-butt go souse! heels up'ard!
They are, in short, so weary of your drizzle,
They'd spill the water in your veins to stop it—
Be warn'd. You are too partial to a mizzle—
Pray *drop it!*

LINES.

(From "The Undying One, and other Poems." By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.)

"We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the chesnut trees
In infancy we played.

But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together,
We have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumbered
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow:
We have been *sad* together—
Oh! what shall part us now?"

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN.

Rest! This little fountain runs
Thus for aye;—it never stays
For the look of summer suns,
Nor the cold of winter days.
Whosoe'er shall wander near,
When the Syrian heat is worst,
Let him hither come, nor fear
Lest he may not slake his thirst;
He will find this little river
Running still as bright as ever.
Let him drink, and onwards hie,
(Bearing but in thought that I,
Erotas, bade the Naiad fall,)
And thank the great god Pan for all!

NUMEROUS FRAUDS having been practised on the Public by unprincipled Shopkeepers, in imposing BASE IMITATIONS of MACASSAR OIL of injurious qualities, instead of the Genuine,

A. ROWLAND AND SON,
Sole Proprietors of the Genuine,

Desirous of protecting the Public from Impositions, respectfully solicit Ladies and Gentlemen, on purchasing, not to take any without being inclosed with a Pamphlet in a wrapper, sealed at each end with the Name and Address, and signed on the Label in Red.

"A. ROWLAND and SON, 20, HATTON-GARDEN," countersigned "ALEX. ROWLAND," Price 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., and 21s. per bottle.—All other Prices, or without the Wrapper, are Counterfeits.

This Oil is composed of Vegetable ingredients, and *preserves the Hair*, to the latest period of life—promotes a luxuriant growth; produces lasting and beautiful Curls, which damp weather or exercise cannot affect; renders Hair that is harsh and dry, soft, silky, glossy, elegant, and beautiful; is invaluable in the Nursery, as due attention to Children's Hair is of the greatest importance; produces WHISKERS, EYEBROWS, &c.

The SKIN and COMPLEXION protected from Cold Winds and Damp Atmospheres, by

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR,

which possesses properties of surprising energy, in producing delicate White Neck, Hands, and Arms, and imparting a beautiful juvenile bloom to the complexion.

By its soothing and ameliorating properties it immediately allays the smarting irritability of the skin produced by Cold Winds or damp atmosphere; assuages Inflammation; heals harsh and rough Skin; removes Cutaneous Eruptions, and produces a beautiful Complexion; it affords soothing relief to Ladies nursing their Offspring in healing Soreness; and Gentlemen, after shaving, will find it allay the smarting pain, and render the Skin smooth and pleasant: thus to the Traveller, whose avocations expose him to various changes of weather, it proves an infallible specific, a prompt resource, and, as conducing to comfort, a pleasing appendage and invaluable acquisition.

Sold in Half-pints at 4s. 6d. each, and Pints at 8s. 6d. each.

CAUTION.—To prevent Imposition, and by authority of the Hon. Commissioners of Stamps, the Name and Address of the Proprietor is engraved on the Government Stamp, affixed on the Cork of each genuine Bottle.

A. ROWLAND and SON, 20, Hatton-garden.

The GENUINE is Sold by Mr. Danson, Perfumer, 46, Bold-street; Mr. Rennie, Perfumer, 70, Lord-street; Mr. Tetley, Perfumer, 49, Church-street; Mr. Gore, Printer, Castle-street; E. Bradford, Old Haymarket, and 52, Richmond-row; Mr. Newland, Mr. Shirley, and Mr. Whittaker, Perfumers, Liverpool; Mr. Bowden, Perfumer, and Mr. Williams, Perfumer, Chester; and by all Perfumers and Medicine Venders throughout Europe.

MISCELLANIES.

A MELANCHOLY STORY.

(From Sir T. Dick Lauder's Account of the Flood in 1829.)

The flood, both in the Spey and its tributary burn, was terrible at the village of Charlestown of Aberlour. On the 3d of August, Charles Cruickshanks, the innkeeper, had a party of friends in his house. There was no inebriety—but there was a fiddle; and what Scotsman is he who does not know that the well-jerked strains of a lively strathspey have a potent spell in them that goes beyond even the witchery of the bowl? On one who daily inhales the breezes from the musical stream that gives name to the measure, the influence is powerful; and it was that day felt by Cruickshanks with a more than ordinary degree of excitement. He was joyous to a pitch that made his wife grave. I have already noticed the predestinarian principles prevalent in these parts. Mrs. Cruikshanks was deeply affected by her husband's unusual jollity. "Surely my gude man is daft the day," said she gravely; "I ne'er saw him dance at sic a rate. Lord grant that he binna *fey!*" When the river began to rise rapidly in the evening, Cruickshanks, who had a quantity of wood lying near the mouth of the burn, asked two of his neighbours, James Stewart and James Mackerran, to go and assist him in dragging it out of the water. They readily complied; and Cruickshanks getting on the loose raft of wood, they followed him, and did what they could in pushing and hauling the pieces of timber ashore, till the stream increased so much, that, with one voice, they declared they would stay no longer, and making a desperate effort, they plunged over-head and reached the land with the greatest difficulty. They then tried all their eloquence to persuade Cruickshanks to come away—but he was a bold and experienced floater, and laughed at their fears; nay, so utterly reckless was he, that having now diminished the crazy, ill-put-together raft he stood on, till it consisted of a few spars only, he employed himself in trying to catch at and save some hay-cocks belonging to the clergyman, which were floating past him. But while his attention was so engaged, the flood was rapidly increasing, till, at last, even his dauntless heart became appalled at its magnitude and fury. "A horse! a horse!" he loudly and anxiously cried; "run for one of the minister's horses, and ride in with a rope, else I must go with the stream." He was quickly obeyed; but ere a horse arrived, the flood had rendered it impossible to approach him.

Seeing that he must abandon all hope of help in that way, Cruickshanks was now seen, as if summoning up all his resolution and presence of mind, to make the perilous attempt of dashing through the raging current with his frail and imperfect raft. Gasping more firmly the iron-shod pole he held in his hand, called, in floater's language, a *sting*, he pushed resolutely into it; but he had hardly done so, when the violence of the water wrenched from his hold that which was all he had to depend on. A shriek burst from his friends as they beheld the wretched raft dart off with him down the stream like an arrow freed from the bow-string. But the mind of Cruickshanks was no common one to quail before the first approach of danger. He poised himself, and stood balanced, with determination and self-command in his eye, and no sound of fear or of complaint was heard to come from him.

At the point where the burn met the river in the ordinary state of both, there grew some trees, now surrounded by deep and strong currents, and far from the land. The raft took a direction towards one of these; and seeing the wild and tumultuous waters of the Spey before him, in which there was no hope that his loosely connected logs could stick one moment together, he coolly prepared himself, and, collecting all his force into one well-timed and well-directed effort, he sprang, caught a tree, and clung among its boughs, whilst the frail raft hurried away from under his feet, was dashed into fragments, and scattered on the bosom of the waves. A shout of joy now arose from his anxious friends—for now they deemed him safe; but *he* uttered no shout in return. Every nerve was strained to procure him help. "A boat!" was the general cry, and some ran this way and some that, to endeavour to procure one.

It was now between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. A boat was speedily obtained from Mr. Gordon, of Aberlour: and though no one there was very expert in its use, it was quickly manned by people eager to save Cruickshanks from his perilous situation. The current was too terrible about the tree to admit of their nearing it so as to take him directly into the boat; but their object was to row through the smoother water to such a distance as might enable them to throw a rope to him, by which means they hoped to drag him to the boat. Frequently did they attempt this, and as frequently were they foiled, even by that which was considered as the gentler part of the stream; for it hurried them past the point whence they wished to make the cast of their rope, and compelled them to row up again by the side, to start on each fresh adventure. Often were they carried so much in the direction of the tree as to be compelled to exert all their strength to pull themselves away from him they would have saved, that they might avoid the vortex that would have caught and swept them to destruction; and often was poor Cruickshanks tantalized with the approach of help, which came but to add to the other miseries of his situation, that of the bitterest disappointment. Yet he bore all calmly. In the transient glimpses they had of him, as they were driven past him, they saw no blanching on his dauntless countenance, they heard no reproach, no complaint, no sound, but an occasional short exclamation of encouragement to persevere in their friendly endeavours.

But the evening wore on, and still they were unsuccessful. It seemed to them that something more than mere natural causes was operating against them. "His hour is come," said they, as they regarded one another with looks of awe; "our struggles are vain." The courage and the hope which had hitherto supported them began to fail, and the descending shades of night extinguished the last feeble sparks of both, and put an end to their endeavours. Fancy alone can picture the horrors that must have crept on the unfortunate man, as, amid the impenetrable darkness which now prevailed, he became aware of the continued increase of the flood that roared around him, by its gradual advance towards his feet, whilst the rain and the tempest continued to beat more and more dreadfully upon him. That these were long ineffectual in shaking his collected mind we know from the fact afterwards ascertained, that he actually wound up his watch while in this dreadful situation. But hearing no more the occasional passing exclamations of those who had been hitherto trying to succour him, he began to shout for help, in a voice that became every moment more long-drawn and piteous, as, between the gusts of the tempests, and borne over the thunder of the waters, it fell from time to time on the ears of his clustered friends, and rent the heart of his distracted wife. Ever and anon it came, and hoarser than before, and there was an occasional wildness in its note, and now and then a strange and clamorous repetition for a time, as if despair had inspired him with an unnatural energy.

But the shouts became gradually shorter, less audible, and less frequent, till, at last, their eagerly-listening ears could catch them no longer. "Is he gone?" was the half-whispered question they put to one another; and the smothered responses that were muttered around but too plainly told how much the fears of all were in unison. "What was that?" cried his wife, in delirious scream; "that was his whistle I heard!" She said truly; a shrill whistle, such as that which is given with the fingers in the mouth, rose again over the loud din of the deluge, and the yelling of the storm. He was not yet gone: his voice was but cracked by his frequent exertions to make it heard; and he had now resorted to an easier mode of transmitting to his friends the certainty of his safety. For some time his unhappy wife drew hope from such considerations, but his whistles, as they came more loud and prolonged, pierced the ears of his foreboding friends like the ill-omened cry of some warning spirit; and it may be matter of question whether all believed that the sounds they heard were really mortal. Still they came louder and clearer for a brief space; but at last they were heard no more, save in his frantic wife's fancy, who continued to start as if she still heard them, and to wander about, and to listen, when all but herself were satisfied that she could never hear them again.

Wet and weary, and shivering with cold, was this miserable woman, when the tardy dawn of morning beheld her straining her eye-balls through the imperfect light, towards the trees where Cruickshanks had been last seen. There was something there which looked like the figure of a man, and on that her eyes fixed. But those around her saw, alas! too well, that what she fondly supposed to be her husband was but a bunch of wreck, gathered by the flood into one of the trees; for the one to which he clung had been swept away. The body of poor Cruickshanks was found in the afternoon of the next day, on the Haugh of Dandaleith, some four or five miles below. As it had ever been his uniform practice to wind his watch up at night, and as it was discovered to be nearly full wound when it was taken from his pocket, the fact of his having had self-possession enough to obey his usual custom, under circumstances so terrible, is as unquestionable as it is wonderful. It had stopped at a quarter of an hour past eleven o'clock, which would seem to fix that as the fatal moment when the tree was rent away; for when that happened, his struggles amidst the raging waves of the Spey must have been few and short.

When the men who had so unsuccessfully attempted to save him were talking over the matter, and agreeing that no human help could have availed him, "I'm thinkin' I could ha' ta'en him oot," said a voice in the circle. All eyes were turned towards the speaker, and a general expression of contempt followed, for it was a boy of the name of John Rainey, a reputed idiot, from the foot of Belrinnes, who spoke. "You!" cried a dozen voices at once, "what would you have done, you wise man?"—"I wud ha'e tied an empty anker-cask to the end o' a lang lang tow, an' I wud a floated it off frae near aboot whar the raft was ta'en first awa, an' syne, ye see, as the stream teuk the raft till the tree, may be she wud ha'e ta'en the cask there too; an' if Charley Cruickshanks had ance gotten a haud o' the rope,"——— He would have finished, but his auditors were gone. They had silently slunk away in different directions, one man alone having muttered, as he went, something about "wisdom coming out of the mouth of fools."

ROW HERESY AND GARELOCH MIRACLES.

(Continued from our last.)

From the following passages it will be seen how little reason, or semblance of reason, the parties have to plume themselves upon their pretended miracles. The concluding remark regarding Miss Campbell is honourable to the good taste and feeling of the writer:—

"The disease of the first of the three ladies who have been the subjects of the modern *miracles*, was mostly, if not altogether, imaginary. Several months before her cure *by faith* was effected, she had to be seated by attendants on her pony, and in one of her rides, having been obliged to dismount, she re-mounted without assistance, and with so much agility, that a clergyman who witnessed the action, and who had for some time thought that her illness was more imaginary than real, was confirmed in his suspicions. The result proved what any one acquainted with her might have anticipated, without calling in the aid of supernatural agency.

"The Port-Glasgow lady (Miss M'Donald) is still as she was before, weak and emaciated. She has gained nothing by the *miracle*, and is as much in reality, and even in appearance, the subject of the sick-room now, as she was some weeks before her *miracle-working* brother commanded her to '*rise and walk.*'

"Is Miss Campbell well? She says she is 'perfectly recovered.' The disease of the family is insidious, and it shows the power of her imagination more than her real state, that she is now enduring so much fatigue, with a hectic flush playing across her cheek, and her pulse fluttering at above 100. Her occasional depressions, morning weakness, &c., are indications at least of a delicate frame; and there is not the slightest reason to conclude that her general health is in the least improved in reality, by her pretended *miraculous* recovery. Some months before that event, several persons who saw her did not think that she was at all so ill as was represented. Her disease was wonderfully adapted to the circumstances in which she was placed, and she was more or less vigorous as the case required. One person, in particular, took tea with her some time before the *miracle* was performed, and she then appeared in better health than she does at present. The excitement, however, which has raised her from the couch may possibly be of advantage to her; and I fervently wish that the All-wise Disposer of events may so over-rule even her extravagant absurdities, that they may prove the means of prolonging her life till she is brought to a sense of her folly,—that while she tells others what God has done for her soul, she may be enabled to adore that wisdom which, from events apparently the most untoward, deduces ultimate good."

A sense of impartiality, doubtless, has obliged the author to narrate the following unamiable "passage" in the history of Miss Mary Campbell, and we copy it, under that feeling, with regret:—

"Raising the dead is still a prospective effort, and is the subject of their prayers; but it will remain prospective, unless they intend to become *resurrectionists*. The dead are dangerous *subjects*, even for strong faith. I have just received information that Miss Mary actually attempted to restore to life her lately deceased brother Samuel. She was in Glasgow when he died, and instead of hastening home to share the grief of a bereaved mother, and assist her in the mournful duties of such a season, she remained two days, in order to make the case similar to

that of the raising of Lazarus. She was confident of accomplishing her object, and wrote to a friend that the *glory of God would be seen in her brother's being restored to life.* Her friends in Helensburgh, too, were so certain that the miracle would be performed, that even on the day of the funeral they expected intelligence of her success, and were sadly humbled on account of her *want of faith*, when they ascertained that their presence was still necessary to perform the last sad duty to the departed. This worthy young man, who died, not in Miss Mary's faith, but in the faith of the gospel, was, when alive, neglected by that impostor, though, for *her own glory*, she would willingly have restored him to life. I have known individuals for days in the house, without hearing his name mentioned by Miss Mary; and shortly before his death, when disturbed by excessive noise, he made an effort to reach her room, and requested that he might be allowed to die in peace—her answer discovers more of the fiend than of the sister:—'Get thee hence, Satan, for thou savourest not the things which be of God, but the things which be of men.' Of old, Samuel appeared with heavy tidings, and were brother Samuel now to rise from the dead, he would have a message for Miss Mary, which would make her ears tingle."

With the detail of a very recent attempt to work a miracle upon a sick person at Port Glasgow, we must close our extracts regarding that feature in the fanaticism of the Gareloch enthusiasts:—

"Having failed to perform a miracle in Helensburgh, the initiated changed the scene of their operations. Another attempt, as impious and as *successful*, was made in Port Glasgow by one of the *Sisterhood*. Of this I have obtained an authentic account from a friend, whose letter I shall insert. The signature is not given, for the same reason which was formerly mentioned, but as the account was got from the mother of the girl on whom the miracle was attempted, the most fastidious may easily satisfy themselves of the correctness of the statements. Who the ladies were is not correctly known. It is whispered that one of them is related to a certain Noble Duke, but I hope, for the honour of our Scottish nobility, that the report is false. I am aware, however, that a lady of high rank is one of the initiated.

"*Port Glasgow, 27th May*, 1830.

"The following account of the attempted miraculous cure of Margaret Manners is substantially correct:—

"One forenoon lately, two elegantly dressed females called at Mr. Manners' shop, and mentioned they were going to Glasgow in the steam-boat, and wished to rest a little till the boat came forward. On being requested to sit down, they immediately inquired concerning the girl, who, they had been told, was very ill in the house. They were told the particulars of her complaint by Mrs. Manners. They then requested to be shown to her apartment, as they wished to see her, and have some conversation with her. Mrs. M. hesitated, but with the greatest earnestness they repeated their request. She then showed them in; and upon entering, each of the ladies pulled a New Testament from her pocket, and began to read an account of the miracle performed by Peter and John at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. After a passage was read, one of them, in the name of Jesus, commanded the devil to come out of the girl; upon which the girl, with the greatest *naïveté*, told them to go first and cast the devil out of Margaret Fairlie, (a neighbour's daughter who is confined with a similar disease.) The other lady, with the most solemn utterance, then said, 'Silver and gold I have none, but such as I have give I thee; in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, rise and walk.' Notwithstanding all this, the girl remained stationary, and the ladies, seeing no appearance of her rising, offered a most earnest prayer that the Lord Jesus would exert his omnipotence, and cure her. Mrs. Manners began to get terrified at their singular proceedings, and on giving her husband a sign, he left the room, but immediately returned and informed his visitors that the steam-boat was at the quay. This put an end to the blasphemous farce, and they left the house, muttering as they went out, that they had no doubt the girl would have arisen, had not Mrs. Manners prevented her.

"I may mention, that the preceding account was told me by Mrs. Manners herself."

We would now break off for the present; but having thanked the reverend author for his successful industry in a good cause, we must still submit a brief extract in reference to the unknown languages. That a silly girl should scribble uncouth zig-zag lines, and call them "a language" is not so very surprising; but that "grave and reverend seigniors" should believe in the assertion, surpasses all our accustomed notions of credulity. The world, we fear, after all, is not quite so wise as its sweet complacent self is desirous of taking credit for, and the march of intellect, instead of being effected "in line," as a military man would say, must, we doubt, exhibit as many irregularities as Miss Campbell's "languages," or her own distempered imagination.

"The *Sisterhood*, not having met with sufficient encouragement in this country for their extravagancies, entertained views of a missionary enterprise, and resolved to visit foreign countries, where they might, without opposition, preach *their* gospel. This soon became a favourite idea. The want of languages, however, was felt to be a serious obstacle.—The active mind of Miss Mary brooded over this difficulty, and soon found an expedient for its removal. The gift of tongues, she knew, had been conferred on the church in the primitive ages of Christianity, and as there was no account of its having been withdrawn, she readily concluded that the cause of its being so long dormant was only the want of faith. She believed that the Spirit was in her as perfectly as it was in the Apostles, and as she possessed the same faith that they and the primitive believers possessed, what could she do but conclude as a necessary consequence that she was as able to speak in tongues as they were? The Messrs. M'Donald had been in India, and Miss Mary had done more than peeped into the Alphabets of languages. The elements were thus collected, and it only required sufficient excitement to develop the absurdities of speaking *unknown* tongues.

"I have received from different individuals specimens of the sounds she utters, and they are nearly similar. The habit of speaking produces greater variety, and with a very small vocabulary of sounds intermixed, she can, when excited, entertain her admirers. Several of the *Sisterhood* are now speaking this *language*, and any lady who wishes to *attain the gift* may, by transposing the words, construct from them very musical stanzas; thus:

"Hey ammel hasan alla do,
Hoc alos leore;
Has heo masan amor ho,
Ti prov his aso me.
Chorus—Hey ho! ammel, ammel!

"The same effort of mind necessary for speaking *unknown* languages would easily confer the ability to write them. Any marks serve for *characters*, and Miss Mary has now become so expert in making curved and zig-zag lines that, to use her own words to a worthy clergyman of my acquaintance, she writes *unknown* languages "*like lightning, like lightning.*" A fac-simile of part of these *unknown* languages is given at the end of the volume."

ENTERTAINING SCENE.

We extract from the "Irish Cottagers" an entertaining scene in court, the consequence of a house-warming, where spirits were illegally sold.—"*Bench:* Call the first case. —*Clerk:* Mr. Gilbert Finem against Nicholas Moran, of Drumadeclough, farmer, for selling spirits without a license, on Monday night, December 2d.—*Bench:* State your complaint, Mr. Finem.—*Gauger:* I have received information that Nicholas Moran sold some gallons of whiskey in his house, last Monday night, without a license. —*Bench:* Moran, what have you to say this?—*Nick:* Plaze your Worship, I defy man, woman, or child to say that I handled a penny that same night for *sperits*.—*Gauger:* Will your Worship ask him what his wife was selling that night, and scoring with chalk on the leg of the table?—*Bench:* Answer that question, Moran.—*Nick:* I'll make your Worships sensible, and I'll tell the truth; and Mr. Bruce, God bless him! knows that I wouldn't tell a lie for the whole world. Molly was noting down, just for her satisfaction, on the leg of the table, the number of dishes of *tay* that Judy Flynn, and the rest of the womankind were after sweetening, bekase, you see, they were sitting up with us that night, on account of the children being bad with the measles; and, by the same token, one of them is mighty bad entirely to-day. I'll give my oath that I sold nothing (and 'twasn't I, but my wife, all the time) but tay. Not a drop of *sperits* crossed the threshold of my door that day; and why should it, when the law is again it? I'll swear to that.—*Bench:* You are not required to criminate yourself by any admission, nor can you defend yourself in this way; if the court were to allow you to take what you call a clearing oath, you would be unquestionably perjured in this case. How could you, unprincipled man that you are, swear that no whiskey crossed your door that day, when you know that it did, or, perhaps, the day before?—*Nick:* No, plaze your Worship, nor any other day this month past, I'll take my bodily oath of that.—*Gauger:* The whiskey was seen *going* into his house for sale.—*Bench:* Where's your witness, Mr. Finem?—*Gauger:* I can't persuade him to appear.—*Bench:* Then he shall be fined £10. (To the Clerk.) Let the fine be entered. You are an incorrigible fellow, Nick; but perhaps we may have you by and by. Call the next case.—*Clerk:* James Cassidy against Brian Foley, for using a malicious and slanderous expression against him, in Nick Moran's house, on Monday night, the 2d December, and also for an assault.—*Bench:* Cassidy, take the book; now state what you have to complain of.—*Cassidy:* Plaze your Worships, there was a small party of betewkst fifty or forty-nine,—I wont prove to more than forty-nine, barring the childer are to be counted.—*Bench:* Don't mind unnecessary particulars; come to the point.—*Cassidy:* There was, as I was observing, betewkst forty-nine or fifty of us in the two rooms, very pleasant and neighbourlike together, taking a tumbler of punch, to sarve Nick Moran's new house, I mean the new ould house, bekase he had to buy windys, and to put up a chimley.—*Bench:* What do you mean by serving Nick Moran's house?—*Cassidy:* Giving him the whiskey.—*Bench:* Do you mean that you paid him for the whiskey? —*Cassidy:* No, plaze your Honour, by no means; it was for the punch only we paid; that is, we owe him for it.—*Bench:* By virtue of your oath, did you understand that the punch there was to be paid for?—*Cassidy:* Every sup, your Honour, barring what Nick drank himself, and why not? sure we're on honour to pay, now that the score stick is broke.—*Bench.* (To the Gauger) This will prove your case. Clerk, make out a conviction for Nick Moran. —*Cassidy:* Bad luck to this tongue, 'twasn't to bring Nick Moran (my own wife's half sister's son) into trouble, I was intending; quite the contrary, your Worships: I have no more to say (retiring.)—*Bench:* Stay, you have not told one word of your own affair yet. What's your complaint against Foley?—*Cassidy:* Sure enough. Why then, plaze your Honour, I'd rather not be axed about Foley's business; it's enough to be an informer, in spite of one's self too, wance in a day. Foley riz the skrimmage, that's all.—*Bench:* Oh, since you have nothing more to say, we dismiss the case, with costs against you; sixpence the summons, one shilling the ——. *Cassidy:* Will I have to pay for the summons, your Honour?—*Bench:* Certainly, if you have nothing to prove against the person you have summoned. —*Cassidy:* Why, then, your Worship, if that's the case, I'll tell you all about it, from first to last, and I'll be on my oath ——.—*Bench:* You're on your oath already.—*Cassidy:* Well, then, I'll be on my oath again, and leave it to my dying hour, that Brien Foley used a slanderous and terrible word against my character, that is not fit to be repeated before your Honours and the people.—*Bench:* Come, Sir, don't keep us here all day. What did he say? —*Cassidy:* Why, then, saving your presence, he called me before one hundred people ——.—*Bench:* You said just now there were only between forty-nine and fifty (whatever number that may be) present; take care.—*Cassidy:* You're right: I stand corrected, your Worship. Well, then, before fifty of the neighbours he called me—but wouldn't it be dacent, plaze your Worships, to send the women out of coort, the young girls any way; the old ones an't so delicate? To this suggestion, so very creditable to Jemmy Cassidy's delicacy, the worthy magistrates assented. The court was accordingly cleared of all females; and, after the confusion which this had occasioned had subsided, the complainant stated that Foley, after having called him nearly twenty times a gimlet-eyed rascal, (Cassidy squinted a little,) and a rogue and a liar, which he didn't much mind, as Foley had the cross sup in him, at last called him a GOLUMPUS. Here there was an indication of merriment in the court, in which, to say the truth, the Bench was constrained to participate; and this did not diminish when Mr. Bruce drily informed poor Cassidy that *Golumpus* was not an actionable word, humorously asserting that it was compounded of *Goliah*, the giant, and *Olympus*, the mountain, and therefore must mean a *Man Mountain:* so, added his Worship, instead of making *little* of you, as you had imagined, the defendant has really been making the *most* of you. We are, however, to consider the assault.—*Cassidy:*—I don't care about that since my character is cleared."

STRANGE METHOD OF CATCHING THE TORTOISE.

The most extraordinary mode of catching the tortoise is by means of a fish of the genus *Echeneis*. In 1809, when Mr. H. Salt was at Mosambique, having received a present of one of these fish, all the inhabitants assured him that they were wont to employ it, by fastening it with a cord to a boat, and that it fixed itself by the head to the breast-plate of the first tortoise it met, with so much force that the latter could not escape.—*Cuvier's Animal Kingdom.*

The Remora, or Sucking Fish, is used for catching other fish, as recorded by several authors. On consulting one of our memorandum books to refresh our memory, we found the following information on the subject, which may amuse our readers:—"The Indians of Jamaica and Cuba (says Oviedo) go a fishing with the Remora, or Sucking Fish, which they employ as falconers employ hawks. This fish, which is not above a span long, is kept for the purpose, and regularly fed. The owner, on a calm morning, carries it out to sea, secured to his canoe by a small but strong line, many fathoms in length; and the moment the creature sees a fish in the water, though at a great distance, it darts away with the swiftness of an arrow, and soon fastens upon it. The Indian, in the meantime, loosens and lets go the line, which is provided with a buoy that keeps on the surface of the sea, and serves to mark the course which the Remora has taken, and he pursues it in his canoe until he conceives his game to be nearly exhausted and run down. He then, taking up the buoy, gradually draws the line towards the shore, the Remora still adhering with inflexible tenacity to its prey; and it is with great difficulty that he is made to quit his hold. By this method (adds Oviedo) I have known a turtle caught, of a bulk and weight which no single man could support."—*Edwards' West Indies, 4to, Vol. 4, p.* 100.

Chlorine an Antidote for Hydrocyanic Acid.—M. Simeon's report on this subject has been confirmed by the experiments of M. M. Person and Nonah. Hydrocyanic acid was applied to the eye-ball of a dog in three cases, and the effect of the chlorine tried at different periods of the symptoms in each case. To one dog the antidote was applied before the poison had produced any symptoms but general distress; the relief was immediate, working by regular respiration, vomiting, and alvine evacuation. In the second case tetanus had commenced, the anxiety and convulsive motion were more prolonged, and a longer time was necessary, but the cure was effective. Next day both the dogs were submitted to the poison without the antidote: they died in a few minutes. In the third case, the chlorine was not applied until respiration had been suspended during twenty-five seconds; this dog was perfectly restored. Similar experiments were made by applying the poison and its antidote to the crural vein, with the same effects. The chlorine entered into the circulation. Its effects were instantaneous, and it neutralized the acid *afterwards* applied as well as that before administered. Chlorine, introduced into the system, destroys the virus of organic poisons, and probably of hydrophobia.—*Annales de Chemie, Mar.* 1830.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF CAPTAIN MOIR,

WHO WAS EXECUTED AS A VICTIM TO THE DREADFUL CONSEQUENCES OF UNGOVERNABLE PASSIONS.

Captain Moir was a native of Forfarshire, North Britain, where he was highly connected by birth and marriage. He was the brother-in-law of Sir James Gardiner Baird, Bart., a near relative to that gallant veteran, Sir David Baird, who was the Duke of Wellington's predecessor in the peninsular campaign. He was also first-cousin to Sir William Rae, the Lord Advocate of Scotland. By his grandmother's side, he was descended from the heroic Robert Bruce, and he was likewise connected with the distinguished families of Blair, of Blair, the Stewarts, and the Butes. Tall and commanding in his person, with a fine open countenance, and an almost romantic ardour of temperament, he made choice of a military life, which might be said to have been the hereditary profession of his ancestors. He entered the army with all the fire and freshness of youth, and in no instance did he disgrace the character of a soldier during a period of seventeen years. He served successively in the 14th, 37th, and 40th regiments of Foot; and in the course of such service he was often actively engaged in France, Spain, the Netherlands, India, and America. It was during his stay in the latter country that he married the lady who has now the misery to be the widow of an heroic but unfortunate man. She was the daughter of an officer belonging to the Royal Artillery, and three boys are the fruit of their union. In the year 1813, he repaired with his regiment to Gibraltar, taking his family with him. Whilst stationed in that garrison the yellow fever made its appearance amongst the troops, and Captain Moir suffered so severely from an attack of that malignant distemper, that his life was, for a considerable time, despaired of. The complaint gradually yielded to the natural strength of his constitution; but it had germinated those seeds of mental imbecility which it is now no more than charitable to hope have produced those occasional fits of excitement to which he was known to be subject ever afterwards. From Gibraltar he proceeded to Canada, and, in one of the paroxysms of his malady, he took an opportunity, when alone one night, of inflicting several wounds with a hatchet upon his forehead, the traces of which were visible to every eye when he appeared at the bar on his trial. But this was not the only mischief which the fever had effected—its influence on his character and conduct was most disastrous—his disposition, naturally warm and irascible before, though generous and humane withal, became so exquisitely susceptible to the slightest insult, that, if excited by intemperance, or any other cause, he lost all his previous self-possession, and his passions gained the ascendancy of reason and good feeling. There is one peculiar characteristic of this unhappy perversion of mind, of which Captain Moir afforded a melancholy example. When most excited, he invariably conceived himself calm and collected; and whilst those who knew him best were but too sensible of the difference between his professions and his conduct, he generally strove to convince them of the soundness of his intellect. In addition to the lingering influence of the fever, he suffered severely under an attack of *coup de soleil* in India, and from pure inflammation of the brain at a later period, when quartered at Canterbury. In the year 1828 he retired from the army, and his active but unsteady mind being diverted to agricultural pursuits, he took upon lease the farm at Shellhaven, where he was residing when the unhappy occurrence took place that has been the means of sending to a scaffold the man who had so often braved death at the cannon's mouth. It is not for us to impugn or question the solemn award of justice; but we could have wished that he had died a soldier's death, and found a soldier's grave.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DIVINITY, MEDICINE, AND LAW.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am rather awkwardly situated in regard to the manner in which *W.* has proposed to carry on this controversy, since, if I refuse to comply with his request, he may think that I am determined to oppose him in all things. But let this be how it may, I must dissent from him in this particular; for however proper it may appear in *him*, when he numbers his paragraphs, questions, and quotations, I conceive that it would be somewhat absurd in *me* to adopt such a plan, as my columns are brought into the field of action under quite different circumstances than his are. I therefore beg leave, with all due deference, to pursue what method I shall think proper; and I hope by that means, at least, to escape the imputation of flattery, or imitation.

The points of interrogation are certainly very numerous in *W.'s* letter; but, as I have some little regard to the motto of the *Kaleidoscope*, I shall not meddle much with them. There is a query, however, in his first epistle which I neglected to notice in my last letter; and if I could persuade myself that *W.* really believed, or suspected, and still believes, or suspects, the passage which he has there stigmatized with an appearance of doubt as to its grammatical accuracy, I would, in compassion to his ignorance, refer him to the author of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," (Vol. I. p. 320. n. 10.) as I flatter myself that the authority of Gibbon will be sufficient for him.

I now return to his last letter, which is a very good exposition of his first. I do not know what countryman *W.* is, but I myself am an Englishman, (by the way, not an Englishwoman, as *W.* has been pleased to suppose,) and when I spoke of *our* medicinal practitioners, and their practice, I believed that the word "British" was understood, and, as a matter of course, became, to a certain degree, useless; *W.* therefore, was perfectly right when he said that this word was never mentioned except in my answer to his letter; but if he should say that it was not understood, he will certainly be wrong. By theory we understand any doctrine which terminates in speculation, without considering the practical uses or application thereof,* and therefore I allow that it is immaterial where, or when, or how, the physician becomes acquainted with the knowledge of administering physic, provided he does attain, or acquire such knowledge by honourable and laudable means; but to say that it is of little consequence how, or in what language he gives his prescriptions, would be in express contradiction to the general sentiments of mankind; and should we wave every objection that offers itself against the present practice; and should we forget all the impositions with which it is accompanied, it would be trifling with common sense to assert that the English language is incapable of superseding the Latin, so far, at least, as it regards the practice, or administration of medicine.

We do not refuse the theologian access to the original Hebrew and Greek Scriptures; neither do we discountenance the lawyer's acquaintance with the Code of Justinian, and the Fathers of the English Law. We allow them, on the contrary, to read and to study them, and to make use of these respective works as embellishments and ornaments to their mutual professions; but we are far from countenancing the public application of them. Hence we may conclude, that the gentlemen of the faculty of physic may, with propriety, use whatever works they shall think proper in the *theory* of medicine, as it has been before defined; and what few Latin works there are worthy of their notice, they may, perhaps, with benefit to themselves and to the community, peruse and digest—and so far *W.* and I agree: but should he endeavour to persuade us that the use of Latin in the *practical department of the medicinal profession* is rational and consistent with the present state of things, we hereby dismiss it as a palpable absurdity,—any thing, as our lawyers say, hereinbefore contained to the contrary notwithstanding.

I do not see any reason for *W.* calling me foolish, or that my only object is to see myself in print. How can he tell what my object is? He himself has contradicted the reasonableness of such a supposition, if what he has said concerning *Peter Plainway* be correct. When I attacked *that* which had, and still has, nothing to support itself with, except the custom of ages, I thought myself, and I still think myself, justified from the accusation which he has made, and I therefore cast it from me with contempt.

Again.—I am not ignorant now of *W.'s* meaning as it respects the old woman: but the metaphysicians tell me that old people in general have short memories; that is to say, they do not remember things which they have become acquainted with in their old age for any length of time. It was natural enough for this dogma to lead me to suppose that *W.* must have meant the old woman to have retained the manuscript prescription in her possession, and besides, I might have supposed that the old woman had bad eyes, as old women usually have; eh, might I not, *W.*? Considering these circumstances, I say I could not see how *W.* otherwise intended the old woman to retain the contents of the manuscript prescription; but he has told us since that she *might* store it up in her mind. So much for this; we understand you now, *W.*: but then, there is another very grievous fault of which the gentlemen of the faculty before alluded to are guilty; they "easy write to show their breeding." It is to be wished, that they would always remember the well-known line which follows the above. Their Latin is commonly totally unintelligible, illegible, in so much that a man may be a tolerably good classic, and yet not be able to read one of their prescriptions. If the Latin tongue is to be retained, this grievance should be abolished: let us have no contractions of words, nor half-formed characters. I am told, and I believe it too, that there are many who give prescriptions who are very indifferent Latin scholars, and these abbreviations only serve to cloak their ignorance, and to endanger the lives of their patients.

As I have not got a manuscript copy of my last letter by me, I cannot confidently say whether the text was erroneous which *W.* has pointed out, and which I thank him for. It is possible, however, that I may have put the monosyllable *was* instead of *is*; a slip of the pen is easily

* Encyclopædia Britannica.

made, since the best are fallible: though I think there was no occasion for boarding-schools to be brought upon the carpet, or the nondescript word *leetle*. If *W.* makes use of such words as this, we may live in hope of having an interpreter soon for Miss Campbell's gibberish.

And now that all is said and done, *W.* I will say, for myself, that we part good friends, and that we merely differ in opinions. It is not improbable, however, that you will favour us with another letter.

CLIO.

HAMILTONIAN SYSTEM.

"Habet plus operis quam ostentationis."—*Quintilian.*

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—When I took up my pen to vindicate the old system of education from the charge of inefficiency, and to assert its superiority over the one to which Mr. Hamilton has given his name, (though, by the bye, his *Old Pupil* ungratefully denies his right to do so,) I was well aware of the certainty of an attack, with a resolution, however, not to shrink from it, nor to prove recreant to my cause. That attack has now been made, and, as is too frequently the case, backed by technical niceties, rather than any real and intrinsic merits. Your correspondent has enlarged upon, and eulogised at great length, the *effects* of his favourite system, but has not made the public one jot wiser as to the *means*. His temple seems to be an "airy nothing," to which I am afraid it will be difficult to ascend without the aid of a balloon. There are no rocks, no rude, uncivil stones to wound the feet of pilgrims, who, on their arrival (by the aid of the said balloon) have not the trouble of hunting for their food, but (Oh rare!) have their senses regaled with a repast ready cooked. Now, if your correspondent could give this "airy nothing" "a local habitation and a name," I am sure I, for one, should frequently pay it a visit to partake of its good cheer. But let us not, like him, descend to mere verbal criticism, but keep to the main purport of his letter. Your correspondent accuses me of gross ignorance of the subject on which I write, and condemns my statements as incorrect and unfounded. I have lived too long in the world, and have seen too much of human nature, to feel any thing like anger at a charge so vague and so easy to be made; but I appeal to you, Sir, whether I made one assertion which was not rather confirmed than overthrown by his own letter. Let him assure himself that I am no more blinded by prejudice than himself, and am equally proud of our improvements in science. Proud and elated is my heart to know that the list of our literati is swelled by names that can rival the most flourishing days of antiquity. Let me not be misunderstood; so far from being wedded to ancient and obsolete customs, I hail it as a sure sign of the mental improvement of the modern times that a spirit of investigation is abroad; and that antiquity can no longer hallow what is in itself trifling or ridiculous. But whilst we pursue this spirit of inquiry, as far as regards matters that require amendment, we should be careful not to carry it to the extreme of finding fault with every thing merely because it is old. What I insisted chiefly upon in my last letter, was the necessity of laying a foundation in grammar before any *real* advancement could be made in acquiring a knowledge of languages. The human mind, on its first emerging from infancy, is naturally volatile and impatient of labour; consequently, all restraint must be harassing and unpleasant. But as it is evident that we were not sent into this world to pass our time in indolence and inactivity, some course of discipline is found necessary in order to fix in the mind a principle of industry and perseverance. Now, from the great variety of dispositions that prevail in the world, it is evident that there must necessarily arise an infinite diversity of doctrines and opinions; accordingly we find that on this, as well as on many other subjects, there scarcely exist two men having the same sentiments. But this prevails chiefly with regard to matters in themselves indifferent; but when they assume a greater degree of importance, and in their results affect the community at large, here the *bonum publicum* is the standard to which we must conform. To this standard, therefore, we must always refer, in order that we may discriminate between what is *really* and what is *apparently* beneficial. It is obvious to every man, that education is a subject on which men ought to be very circumspect how they form their notions, since on their determination with respect to it, depends the enlightenment or ignorance of a future generation. After a long consideration, therefore, of the advantages and disadvantages of each system; after viewing them in theory and practice, I am compelled to give my preference to that one which, commencing with elementary discipline, goes on from stage to stage, until it has stored the mind of the pupil with an extensive fund of learning and wisdom. In order to show that I am not singular in my opinions, I cannot help quoting a passage from Milton, tending to prove the utility of grammar. "For their studies, first, they should begin with the chief and necessary rules of some good grammar, either that now used, or any better; and while this is doing, their speech is to be fashioned to a distinct and clear pronunciation." To the same effect speaks Mr. Knox and others; and there is a passage in Quintilian which is so applicable to the present subject that I will insert it. After explaining the advantages to be derived from grammar, he continues thus, "*Quo minus sunt ferendi qui hanc artem ut tenuem ac jejunam cavillantur; quæ nisi oratori futuro fundamenta fideliter jecerit, quidquis superstruxios corruet; necessaria pueris, jucunda senibus, dulcis secretorum comes, et qua vel sola omni studiorum generi plus habet operis quam ostentationis. Ne quis igitur, tanquam parva fastidiat grammatices elementa: non quia magna sit operæ consonantes a vocalibus discernere, ipsas que ea in semi vocalium numerum mutorumque partiri; sed quia interiora velut sacri hujus adeuntibus apparebit multa rerum subtilitas, quæ non modo acuere ingenia puerilia, sed exercere altissimam quoque eruditionem ac scientiam possit.*"—Yours, &c.

July 27, 1830. PHILANTHROPOS.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sorry to find that the study of the English language is becoming daily more neglected in our schools, in order to give way to others greatly inferior in strength and dignity. However much we may admire the ancient languages, our veneration for them ought not to prevent us from appreciating the beauties of our own. It is generally supposed that the English and ancient languages resemble one another to that degree, that whilst we are studying the latter, we are, at the same time, acquiring a knowledge of the former. Without endeavouring to controvert this opinion in the main, I may, however, be allowed to observe, that they are so far different, that we may possess a very good knowledge of the one without knowing a word of the other. I am very far from condemning the study of the ancient languages; but I am certainly of opinion that they ought not to engross the whole attention of the student. The English idiom is so peculiar to itself, so different from that of every other tongue, that it seldom happens that a foreigner is able to speak it with fluency; and shall that language which is so much admired by strangers for its excellencies, be treated with indifference by those by whose ancestors it was framed? It is one of the many inconsistencies of the present times to give the preference to every thing that is foreign, and to vindicate our choice on the grounds, that England possesses nothing, either in matters of taste or fashion, worthy of attention. So far is this mania carried, that even the cut of our coats is regulated *à la Francaise*, and our language is in danger of being spoiled with French sentences.

It shall be my object in this letter to point out some of the principal beauties of the English tongue, and to show that its capabilities, as far as regards versatility of composition, are as great, if not greater than those of any modern language of Europe. In this respect, it resembles a vast and extensive meadow, variegated with flowers of every hue, which fling their perfumes around, filling the air with a delicious fragrance. And first let us see whether it deserves the title of harshness which has been so lavishly bestowed upon it, and whether it is capable of that musical arrangement which is generally considered as the acme of excellence. Variety is the very soul of melody; and whenever a language has such flexibility as to admit of an adaptation to a variety of different sounds, that language must be preferred, as the most musical. Perhaps the English excels every other language, except the Greek, in an accordance of the sound to the sense. In proof of this, I have only to quote Milton, Shakspeare, Gray, and many others of our poets, who have eminently excelled in this particular. Indeed, this union of sound and sense seems to pervade all our language, especially in those words which express loudness, as *to thunder, to roar, to blow, to shout*, &c. We are, besides, by no means deficient in words of a softer and more melodious kind, which it would be impossible to enumerate, but which will present themselves to every one who has studied our poetry with attention. The French language is far inferior to ours in this respect; and I could never discover why we should prefer the tedious monotony of their poetry to ours, which combines in itself so many beauties. I will bring this subject to a conclusion for the present, and will probably resume it in a future letter.—Yours, &c.

July 13, 1830. PHILANTHROPOS.

The Proud Duke of Somerset and the Painter.—His Grace was himself a patron of art, and did not obtain his to-name without cause. He had employed James Seymour to paint the figures—artists say portraits—of his horses at Petworth, and condescended to sit with his humble namesake at table. One day at dinner his Grace filled his glass, and saying with a sneer, "*Cousin* Seymour, your health," drank it off. "My Lord," said the artist, "I believe I *have* the honour of being related to your Grace." The proud peer rose from table, and ordered his steward to dismiss the presumptuous painter, and employ a humbler brother of the brush. This was accordingly done; but when the new painter saw the spirited works of his predecessor he shook his head, and retiring said, "No man in England can compete with James Seymour." The Duke now condescended to recal his discarded cousin. "My Lord," was the answer of Seymour, "I can now prove to the world that I am of your blood—*I won't come.*"—*Family Library; Lives of British Painters and Sculptors, Vol. III.*

Cure for the Cholera Morbus, or Bowel Complaint.—One ounce cinnamon water, one grain ipecacuhana, thirty-five drops tincture of opium, one drachm spirits of lavender, and two drachms tincture of rhubarb. To be taken at once, and the complaint will be instantly relieved.

TIDE TABLE.

Days.	*Morn.* h.	m.	*Even.* h.	m.	*Height.* ft.	in.	*Festivals, &c.*
Tuesday ..10	2	47	3	19	17	0	St. Lawrence.
Wednesday 11	3	38	4	7	15	7	Last Quarter.
Thursday 12	4	39	5	16	14	3	
Friday 13	5	53	6	33	13	6	
Saturday..14	7	13	7	54	13	2	
Sunday....15	8	29	9	2	13	9	10th Sunday after Trinity.
Monday ..16	9	30	9	57	14	9	
Tuesday ..17	10	20	10	43	15	10	

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have further to acknowledge the communications of *E.—T. A.—Clio.*

DR. JOHNSON'S LATIN VERSES.—A prose translation of the verses entitled *Insula Kennethi, Inter Hebrides*, is in reserve for next week.

THE FOUNDLING.—We reserve for next week the continuation of the original translation of this German novel.

SITE OF CALVARY.—The conclusion of this essay next week

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